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## The Rouen Post, July 1937

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# THE ROUEN POST

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242

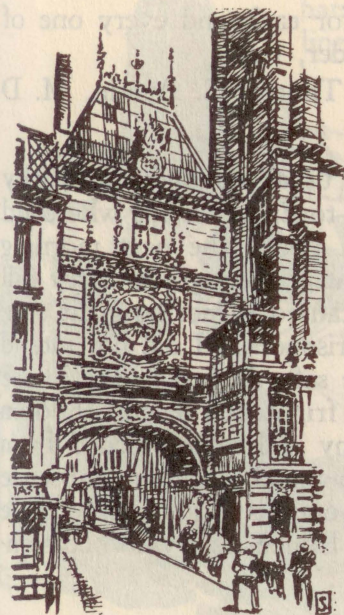
WILLIAM STACK

Editor

## A REAL PAL

Among those who attended the Twentieth Anniversary Memorial Service in Christ Church Cathedral was an elderly woman, unknown to many members of the Unit. But those who recognized Mrs. McKittrick Jones recalled her devotion to Unit 21, which dates back to the spring of 1917. Mrs. Jones, then president of the board of the Children's Hospital, took a deep interest in the mobilization.

When the Unit was ordered overseas she attended the farewell service in Christ Church Cathedral, saw the members leave Union Station and she followed them to New York and waved farewell from the pier, when the St. Paul sailed for Liverpool. In April, 1919, she was again on hand to welcome her friends upon their arrival in Union Station. Twenty years later, the announcement of the Memorial Service again brought her to the Cathedral.



Dear Engel:

Mrs. Murphy and I certainly had a very memorable and enjoyable time. I had not realized what an emotional pull this seeing you all would be upon me. I am so glad that the reunion was a success and that you are keeping up the old associations in your Rouen Post. My kindest remembrance to all the old friends.

Fred T. Murphy.

Dear Mr. Engel:

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the Reunion and what a thrill I got out of it. You may be sure that if I can help it nothing will prevent my return to others that you may have. May I congratulate you upon the way the arrangements were made for the doings in St. Louis. It seemed to me that they were beautifully done and that every one had a gorgeous time.

Julia C. Stimson.

## THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

Dear Mr. Stack:

I wish to take a few minutes of your time to thank you and all the members of Post 242 for the very fine reception you gave us last Friday and Saturday in St. Louis. It stands out in my mind as one of the very nicest things I have experienced, from start to finish.

The Memorial Service at the Cathedral was one of the most beautiful and impressive services I have ever attended. The banquet was excellent, everything about it. The gentlemen at my table, Mr. Schanuel and Mr. Delany were very excellent hosts. The tea party on Saturday was one round of good fellowship and has left with me very pleasant memories. It was good to see again, so many of those with whom we spent our war days. Every one with whom I spoke seemed to have a very real affection in their hearts for those of Unit 21.

Louise Hilligass.



# THE ROUEN POST

My Dear Mr. Veeder:

I was indeed sorry not to be able to attend the 20th anniversary of the sailing of Base Hospital 21 for France. A fine body of men and women and it did no mean service in the medical work in France. I am proud of my temporary connection with it. Long may it wave! I should like to see you all, look you in the face again and also see who have developed big bellies, and how many can still muster a smile. I hope that no one has crossed to the Great Beyond, and that long life and contentment is in store for you.

With every wish for the best in life, both material and spiritual, for each and every one of Base Hospital 21, and with warm personal regards to you, Dr. Veeder, I am,

Thomas C. Austin, M. D.

## PROBLEMS OF A HOST

Following the June meeting of Rouen Post the members held their usual session in a nearby tavern. Two hours later, Ed Winer and Bill Engel assisted each other to Engel's home where Ed accepted an invitation to spend the rest of the night. When Winer awoke the next morning he discovered that the Engels had departed. Inasmuch as he had found it necessary to carry Bill piggy-back most of the way home a few hours earlier, his departure caused Winer no great concern, but when he attempted to leave the house he found himself a prisoner. "I did not intend to be away very long" explained Engel, "and I felt Winer would be safer locked in the house until I returned. Last winter Jablonsky slid out my front door and frightened several children into hysterics, and the neighbors have been jittery since George Delany had to be rescued from my goldfish pond during a recent visit. I feared that Winer would run amuck during my absence and a startled neighbor might blast him with a shotgun. Gannon avenue is a quiet respectable street and I owe it to my fellow residents to control the members of Rouen Post who occasionally ease into my home."

In the June issue of the Rouen Post we named Dr. Fred Bierkamp as the pianist who accompanied the singing after the Reunion dinner. This was undoubtedly surprising news to Dr. Bierkamp who was at his home in Youngstown, Ohio, on that night. It must have been something we drank.

Thomas W. (Toby) Dunville is showing encouraging signs of self improvement these days. Bill Engel called at Dunville's office in the Mart Buiding recently and found Toby browsing over back numbers of the "Rouen Post." "Some of the stories in the 'Post' are a bit over my head," admitted Dunville, "but I love the illustrations. I also find it an inexpensive way to spend my lunch hour."



NEXT MEETING — MONDAY, JULY 12 — CORONADO HOTEL



# THE ROUEN POST

## RETROSPECTION

Early spring in Brittany . . . Fox-trots with wooden-shod Breton maidens, to dance music furnished by a venerable gramophone, in a dimly lighted cafe overlooking the beach at Carnac Plage . . . Village folk in fancy apparel wending their way to church. Women in starched lace headdresses and bulging skirts; men sporting broad-brimmed low-crowned hats with streamers, fancy vests, embroidered jackets and wooden shoes lined with straw . . . Young women braving the disapproval of their elders by wearing leather shoes on the Sabbath . . . Lighthouses off the rocky coast flashing red and green warnings through the mists.



Long avenues of lichen-covered stones, standing like ghosts in the twilight on lonely moors. Believed by pious natives to be pagan hordes miraculously turned to stone while pursuing the good St. Cornelius to shore. Students once dismissed them as windbreaks erected by Roman Legions, but modern authorities know them as monuments of a forgotten people.

The theft of a basket of fresh crabs belonging to Colonel Veeder from the hotel kitchen at Carnac Plage. Members of the kitchen staff placed under arrest and questioned, but the case of the vanishing crustaceans is still unsolved . . . Candles gleaming in the gloomy monastery at Pleuharnel . . . Fresh shell fish placed nightly in Kohn's bed . . . Personal

property bags searched and relieved of Mills bombs and other lethal souvenirs . . . The mutinous protests from squads assigned to sweep seaweed from the beach.

The Colonel and the Adjutant  
Were walking hand in hand  
They wept like anything to see  
Dank sea-weed on the sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, 'it would be grand!'

"If seven men with seven mops  
Were told to sweep the shore,  
'Do you suppose,' the Colonel said  
'They'd welcome such a chore?'  
'Of course not,' said the Adjutant,  
'But t'would help esprit de corps.'

♦ ♦ ♦

We wonder if Chiropodist Frank Depke's thoughts ever stray from troubled feet to lang syne in old Rouen when his life was rich with marmalade and adoring girls of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. And you, plump and graying matrons, musing before English firesides, do you thrill again at the memory of those colorful days when your rosy cheeks and trim khaki-clad figures lent romance to the grim drama of war? And in your visions do you see again a manly form rise from the glowing embers, the wraith of a gallant American with a song in his heart—and jam on his tunic?



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In No Man's Land, I wonder if  
Gray ghosts still meet when night droops down?  
To talk of charge and counter charge,  
Of trench attack or blazing town?  
To laugh—maybe, at fear or pain,  
They knew before the shrapnel's sweep?  
Or are they now content to know  
A dreamless and eternal sleep?

I wonder if they ever dream  
Of ancient field and country lane?  
Of tangled roses by the gate—  
Of one who now still waits in vain?  
Or do they dream of crashing on  
With old commands in some new fight?  
Or are they still content to know  
The sleep that lasts beyond the night.

—Author's Name Unknown

The body of James B. Simpson, who died in Rouen in 1918, has been brought from France and now rests in a cemetery at Evansville, Indiana . . . Bill Pleuger was recently discharged from the Edward Hines Jr. Hospital, where he underwent a stomach operation . . . Gordon (Shorty) Kimbrel teaches interior decoration at Rankin Trade School in St. Louis . . . Williard McQuoid sells Fords for McCarthy Motor Company. Williard is one of the few members of Rouen Post who has never missed a meeting . . . The once stormy Jim Barnard, now a conservative family man, has a service record of seventeen years with the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. . . . Glen Teel is a right-of-way supervisor for the same company in Oklahoma and Texas . . . Jules Silberberg, printer in the composing room of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the father of five children . . . Dick Sabbath owns a furniture business in South St. Louis . . . Frank (Jam King) Depke is a successful chiropodist . . . Miss Nance Taylor, who succeeded Miss Julia Stimson as chief nurse of Unit 21, resides in Berkeley, California. Miss Louise Hilligass, John Nowell and Dr. H. McClure Young are residents of Columbia, Mo. Miss Hilligass is superintendent of University Hospital, Nowell is a wholesale grocer and Dr. Young, a cousin of Dr. Lawrence Post, is engaged in G. U. work.

## PHIL TO THE RESCUE

The ringing of the telephone recently summoned Phil Conrath from a comfortable chair on his front porch. As he lifted the receiver the living room clock struck the hour of eleven. "Hello is that you, Phil?" queried a rather thick voice. "Well, lissen, two of your Legion Post buddies have been arrested for speeding, and are being held in the Webster Groves' police station. Will you come over and see what you can do for them?" Before Phil could ask the names of the unfortunate legionnaires the party at the other end of the wire had hung up the receiver. Suspecting nothing Phil backed his car out of the garage and hurried to the police station. A sleepy desk sergeant blinked at him from behind the desk. "I understand you are holding two legionnaires who were arrested for speeding tonight. May I talk to them?" The sergeant yawned, knocked the ashes from a peculiarly odorous pipe and shook his head sadly. "Mister, there hasn't been an arrest made tonight. As a matter of fact this has been one of the dullest evenings I've put in since I joined the force. Looks like somebody's been kiddin' ya." "I believe you've got something there, sergeant," said Phil, turning to leave, "Goodnight."

Conrath has only one lead to the source of the mysterious call. He has been informed that Ed Winer and Bill Engel were seen together in several low taverns earlier that same evening.